Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues
Diſtraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord a buck-basket, rammed me in
With foule ſhirts, ſtokins, greaſie napkins,
That M. *Brooke*, there was a compound of the moſt
Villanous ſmel, that euer offended noſtrill.
*I*le tell you M. *Brooke*, by the Lord for your ſake
I ſuffered three egregious deaths: Firſt to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circomference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Be ſtewed in my owne greaſe like a Dutch diſh:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Eſcaped ſuffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horſhoo hot:
Maiſter *Brooke*, thinke of that hiſſing heate, Maiſter *Brooke*.

Ford. Well ſir then my ſhute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?

Fal. M. *Brooke*, *I*le be throwne into Etna
As *I* haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her: *I* haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

Ford: Why ſir, tis almoſt ten alreadie:

Fal: Is it? why then will *I* addreſſe my ſelfe
For my appointment: M. *Brooke* come to me ſoone
At night, and you ſhall know how *I* ſpeed,
And the end ſhall be, you ſhall enioy her loue:
You ſhall cuckold *Foord*: Come to mee ſoone at
at night. *Exit Falſtaffe.*